

THE
FUGITIVE;
OR,
HAPPY RECESS.

A DRAMATIC PASTORAL,

In two Acts,

AS WRITTEN FOR THE

ROYALTY THEATRE:

By THOMAS SHAPTER.

Break not a fly upon the wheel.

LONDON:

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FUGITIVE
HAPPY RECESS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Ferdinand, a Shepherd,

Raymond, *ibid.*

Alphonso,

First Gipsy,

Little Female Gipsy,

Mira, a Shepherdess,



N.B. *The parts omitted at the Theatre, are here preserved, and marked with inverted commas.*

LONDON

P R E F A C E.

THE following Pastoral was very hastily written for the ROYALTY THEATRE, in the Spring of 1790: It was flatteringly received by the Managers, a few days prior to the opening of the Theatre, who then promised, it should appear, immediately after the attraction of the first performances had subsided; and for this purpose, it was given into the hands of Mr. Moulds, Composer, to adapt to music; but, from that moment, a train of unexpected delays prevented its coming forward: the Composer experienced a tedious illness, and the Music (which is very charming) was not finished and delivered at the Theatre, 'till it was about to close for that season: It was afterwards repossessed by Mr. Moulds, (by permission of the Managers) for some private purposes; and then it fell into some other hands, which rendered a fresh copy of the scores necessary to be taken, the completion of which was much procrastinated, notwithstanding the solicitations of the Manager to have

have it to re-open the Theatre with : the whole was finally delivered about the beginning of September, just before the Theatre opened anew, and was getting forward for Rehearsal, when, suddenly, the second season came to a close !

As the Author despairs of ever seeing it at the Royalty Theatre, is unsolicitous of its appearing at any other, and for some private reasons, he has determined on publishing it ; relying on that lenity, ever shewn by a generous public, to the effusions of a juvenile and inexperienced pen.

The FUGITIVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before sun-rise. A Gipsy-Hut in a Wood.

Enter Old and Young Gipsies.

1st GIPSY.

W H A T have you got?

2^d GIPSY.

Why here's a mutton bone.

3^d GIPSY.

And here's a crust as hard as any stone.

4th GIPSY.

And here's three pieces of a new bak'd roll.

1st GIPSY.

Well, Well.

5th GIPSY.

A little boy [running in] Look here! Look here!
What I stole. *[producing something.]*

B

A I R.

The FUGITIVE; or,

A I R.

1st. GIPSY.

Well now let's make a hearty meal,
My little thrifty train;
Let's dance and sing, and beg and steal,
Then, dance and sing again.
Chorus. Let's dance, &c.

2^d GIPSY.

A bonfire make.

3^d GIPSY.

The cinders rake.

4th GIPSY. &c.

Our noses toast,
While chefnuts roast,
The *bacbee* smoke,
And crack a joke.
Chorus. Oh! what a merry, merry train.
Let's dance, &c.

1st GIPSY.

But prithee, Nell, did'st kill the fine fat ewe?

2^d GIP-

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2d GIPSY.

I throttled her, and then the body threw,
Where 'neath the hedge it lies secure from wet ;
And by and by I will the carcase get :
'Tis young Raymond's ; to whom I'll beg and pray,
Nay, weep and whine, but what I'll get the day ;
He'll think it died, and so give it away. [*a laugh.*]

A clap of Thunder. Gipsies start.

1st GIPSY.

The storm begins again:—list how it roars !
See ! See !—it lightens too !

Little Gipsies cling round.

Come, come in doors.

The Gipsies buddle into the Hut ; and the storm gradually subsides.

SCENE II.

Sun rise. A Shepherd's Cot.

Enter Mira.

Coming forward, sings.

A I R.

Sweet dreams adieu ! fair fancy's airy train :
Adieu sweet sleep ! thou balmy lapse of care :
Ye soothers of the waking moment's pain ;
Chearers of hope, and en'mies of despair.

B 2

Beheld

The FUGITIVE; or,

Behold ! the sun, with pure refulgence, gilds
The cottage's reed top, and village spire ;
And to the ploughboy heartfelt pleasure yields :
To me, alas !—the throbbings of desire.

They say this night,—to me a night of joy,
(Since pleasing prospects mark'd a fav'ring sky,)
The raging billows shook the rugged coast ;
And mountains high, the la'bring ships were tost ;
The boisterous wind, join'd to the wave profound,
Tremendously, destruction hurl'd around.

F E R D I N A N D. (*behind*)

Sweet Mira!

M I R A.

Hark ! what voice assails my ears ?
Be still my heart ; be still my boding fears.

S C E N E III.

Ferdinand comes forward and seats himself on a declivity near the Cottage : Mira retires on one side, and pensively listens : Ferdinand plays the following Air on a Shepherd's Pipe, and then sings.

S O N G.

I.

Sweet Mira, source of all my cares,
My morning hope, my ev'ning fears,
Hear, hear thy rustic swain ;
Who seeks the dear enchanting spot,
Where stands thy little happy cot
Distinguish'd on the plain.

My

II.

My herbage, and my fleecy tribe,
 And all the little wealth beside,
 My humble states supply;
 Without thee cease to give delight,
 And with thee—Fortune's very spite
 Can't conjure up a sigh.

He sees Mira at the close of this strain, and is about to come forward, when Raymond (Mira's brother) enters hastily: Ferdinand retires, and conceals himself in the back ground.

S C E N E IV.

R A Y M O N D.

Pray, sister, why so early out this morn?
 And wherefore thus, in attitude forlorn?
 ' In peaceful smiles you slept this dreadful night;
 ' And now you frown, tho' sun-beams cheer the sight:
 ' Thus inconsistent! prithee say the cause;
 ' Why thus reverse (dear Mira) Nature's laws?

M I R A.

I cannot tell:—I prithee cease to ask:
 Oh! spare me, Raymond, the heart rending task.

R A Y M O N D.

Frail fair one, know, I heard the trilling strain,
 That spoke enchantment to thy silly brain:
 ' You early rise, leave fancy's world of dreams,
 ' To listen to the practis'd villain's themes.'
 They call him Ferdinand;—in shepherd's guise,
 He, by fair seemings, hopes to gain a prize:
 That he is better bred, is easy seen;
 And, quite unpractis'd in the sylvan scene.
 I know you, Mira, virtuous at heart;
 Yet, still you have to act a watchful part: ' For

' For man doth ever his own purpose plan,
 ' And scorns not meanly, basely, to trepan.'
 —But now farewell; I haste me to the coast,
 To see the fragments of the vessels lost.
 Take care, and from impending danger flee;
 And when your heart's assail'd—remember me.

DUETTO.

RAYMOND.

Farewell, remember me!

MIRA.

I will remember thee!

RAYMOND.

Whene'er you seek the noon-day's shade,
 ' Or tend the lambkins on the glade,
 ' Beware! remember me.'

MIRA.

' I still will act as you persuade,
 ' And Ferdinand henceforth evade,
 ' Confiding all in thee.'

[*Da Capo.*]

*Exeunt: Raymond on one side, and Mira into the Cottage:
 Ferdinand runs from the Covert, and follows her in.*

SCENE V.

*Inside of the Cottage.**Enter Mira.*

Ah! could I but forget that noble mien
 That 'tractive gentleness! that mind serene!

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I might, perhaps, without him still be blest,
And find tranquility within my breast.

S O N G.

I.

Last eve 'ere the shepherds return'd from the fold,
Or with spinning the nymphs had g'in o'er,
I sat myself down on the sod ;—when behold !
A gipsy came creeping before.

II.

Her garments much tatter'd, declar'd her distrest ;
And her face, which was bronz'd with the sun,
So feelingly spoke of the hunger that prest,
That words falter'd over my tongue.

III.

I gave her the fragments that lay on our shelf,
And her eyes with new comfort gleam'd forth ;
Then inspecting my palm, after promising health,
Vow'd my love possess'd honour and worth.

IV.

So well she pourtray'd me the face of my swain,
That I really believ'd she spoke truth ;
But the joy that I felt, is chang'd into pain,
Since my brother condemns the fond youth.

S C E N E.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ferdinand : Mira starts and faints : he catches her in his arms.

F E R D I N A N D.

Awake, my soul !

M I R A.

Whence this intrusion ! say ?
If aught you want, be quick, and haste way.

F E R D I N A N D.

Oh ! dearest Mira, do not cruel prove,
To one, whose great misfortune 'tis to love ;
Of milder looks, oh let not frowns take place,
They violate the nature of that face.

A I R.

F E R D I N A N D.

To verdant groves, my flock I drove,
And pen'd them there to feed ;
While I, impel'd by warmth of love,
Sought beauty's smiles with speed :

And can it be, that Mira's face,
Which captivates my heart,
Should dawning hope at once efface,
And bid me thus depart ?

F E R.

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FERDINAND.

What no kind glance !

M I R A.

‘ Indeed, it is in vain ;
‘ You rend my heart, already torn with pain :
‘ A brother’s dictates must be ever right ;
‘ And tho’ I own I do not hate you quite,
‘ Yet soon I shall.’ A woman must despise
The man who woo’s her under a disguise.

F E R D I N A N D.

Oh ! do not, Mira, thus condemn the dress,
Which first I chose to shield me from distress ;
Depriv’d of friends, and driv’n from my home,
(A Fugitive in foreign lands to roam,)
‘ Content alone I fought, in shepherd’s guise,
‘ Yet from the shepherd still the coy nymph flies :
‘ E’en here alas ! she ’scapes my anxious sight,
‘ And cruel Mira doubly hastes her flight.

M I R A.

I’ve said enough : I prithee hence away,
Your flock demands you, and ’tis wrong to stay.

D U E T T O.

M I R A.

Haste away, haste away to your sheep,
Who now pant for to sip of the stream ;
And in the cool grotto go sleep,
But cease of affection to dream.

C

F E R-

The FUGITIVE; or,

FERDINAND.

You command, and I cannot then stay;
 Tho' with anguish my bosom doth throb,
 That Raymond my charmer should sway,
 And me of such happiness rob.

M I R A.

I believe, I believe you sincere;
 But since my best friend don't approve,
 Oh! spare me affection's fond tear,
 And cease to distress me with love.

F E R D I N A N D.

Blest love! cruel friendship! how hard
 Is our lot, since we mutual incline:
 Ah! who can Love's impulse retard,
 And round a cold bosom entwine?

M I R A.

Haste away, &c.

Exeunt different ways.

S C E N E. VII.

Before the Gipsy-but.

Enter Ferdinand, who crosses the stage; and a young Gipsy precipitately follows him.

G I P S Y.

Sir! Sir!

[he stops.
 God

HAPPY RECESS.

II

God bless your honour! pray a trifle give,
To one so very poor, she scarce can live:
Be 't e'er so small, I'll thankfully receive.

FERDINAND.

Away, Away, I've nought to give.

A I R.

GIPSY.

Oh can it be! while on those cheeks
The spring of life is seen,
Where beauty blooms in florid streaks,
That winter lurks within?

In pity oh! a mite bestow,
And soothe the heart that throbs with woe.

I've nought to eat, so very poor,
And can you turn me from your door?

Ferdinand *gives her something and goes off*: Gipsy
curtsies, smiles archly, and retires.

SCENE VIII.

The Sea.

Alphonso *stretched on the ground*: Raymond *enters,*
sees, and endeavours to raise him.

A I R.

O! cruel, cruel storm!
Thus, with insatiate rage,
Thy boisterous breath to wage,
And kill so fine a form!

C 2

Vin-

The FUGITIVE; or,

Vindictive ocean know,
 And all ye winds that blow,
 On Mortal man your spite,—
 Ye are more cruel, far,
 Than ages dreary war;
 For that but bends him low,
 While you destroy him quite.

But soft, methinks his pulse begins to beat:
 And mark! his cheek bespeak congenial heat:
 Oh! youth unfortunate!

ALPHONSO.

(moves) Oh!

RAYMOND.

He speaks!

ALPHONSO.

Ah me!

He rises by degrees.

RAYMOND.

Good Sir, you're safe as one shipwreck'd can be:
 At foot of yonder hill my cot doth stand,
 Where aught that it affords you may command.

AIR.

ALPHONSO.

Whilst with fortune smiling sweetly,
 By riches blest, and happy quite,
 Came a frowning blight, which quickly,
 Nipt my joys, and sped my flight: Yet

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Yet one kind beam of hope relieves ;
And thanks flow freely from my breast,
As grateful chir'pings 'mongst the leaves
Proclaim the bird espi'th his nest.

RAYMOND.

Of finest wool you'll find a downy bed,
' Where you, to rest, may lay your weary head.

' ALPHONSO.

' Kind ! kind ! where am I then, oh child of grief !
' And who art thou, thus come to my relief ?
' Some guardian angel sure !'

RAYMOND.

Sweet youth no more :
Anon unravel all,—now seek my door ;
Sleep o'er the sultry heat ;—at eve we'll know
Each other's stories, and each other's woe.
But see my sister comes !

SCENE IX.

Enter Mira.

T R I O.

M I R A.

(to Raymond) Oh sad suspense ! where have you been ?

RAYMOND.

(to Mira) Behold this youth !—a wretched scene !

A L P H O N S O.

ALPHONSO.

(aside) Oh what a sweet attractive mien !

S O L O.

RAYMOND.

(to Alphonso) But now we hope to cheer your heart ;
Come smile, and sweetly let's depart.

T R I O.

RAYMOND.

Let's seek a gayer, gayer, scene !

M I R A.

[aside] Oh what a sweet attractive mien !

ALPHONSO.

(aside) Oh what a countenance serene !

M I R A.

Come, come away.

ALPHONSO.

Oh happy day.

R A Y-

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RAYMOND.

Come, come away.

*Mira and Raymond take Alphonso between them and
exunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E II.

A Shepherd's Cot.—Shepherd's round the board carousing.

C A T C H.

We're happily met, let's gaily boast,
The charms of her that we love most,
With nut brown ale :—our fav'rite toast !
It sparkles in our eyes.

We cheerily pass the time away,
So young, so blythe, so happy and gay,
So richly blest by a holiday,
We envy not the skies.

We

1st SHEPHERD.

What merry lads we are ! but boys, they say
 'Twill be some time, 'ere we have such a day.

2^d SHEPHERD.

Aye, aye !

3^d SHEPHERD.

I'm sorry for that, but this I know,
 That I'll be happier yet before I go.

2^d SHEPHERD.

How can that be, since we have sung and laught,
 And told our stories, while the ale we quaft.

3^d SHEPHERD.

Aye, there you have it ; let's have t'other draught.

4th SHEPHERD.

Enough, no more ! no more !—come, Corydon,
 A truce with ale, and let us have your song.

S O N G.

I.

Come, come my good shepherds away,
 The jug is quite freed of the ale,
 And we are all heartsome and gay,
 So let us away to the dale.

How

HAPPY RECESS.

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II.

How sweet on the mossy clad grass
To trip it in whimsical maze ;
To touch the soft hand of your lass,
And on her mild features to gaze.

III.

At the close of each fanciful round—
To seize the sweet pause, and away,
For rest on the hillocks rais'd mound,
There longer entreat her to stay.

IV.

The rising blush ! the drooping sigh !
When whispering love to view :
With hope to feel your hearts beat high,
Then kindly bid adieu.

Chorus. Come, come, &c.

Shepherds, two and two, retire singing.

SCENE II.

The out-side of a Gipsy-hut. Enter Ferdinand, who taps at the door, but is not answered; comes forward and sings.

A I R.

Cease busy thought, intruder cease,
I'm sure of Mira's love ;
Nor shall suspicion wreck my peace,
Her thoughts can never rove.

D

But

But is she all my heart desires?
 All worth and dignity of soul?
 Oh! judge, frail reason, by those fires,
 That fix my heart in sweet controul.

F E R D I N A N D.

Sure 'tis the hour,—where can this gipsy be?
 I'll knock again (*knocks*)—what ho! what ho! Gipsy.

G I P S Y.

I'm coming, Sir.

F E R D I N A N D. (*impatiently*)

I'll give another rap. [*knocks again.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter G I P S Y.

Lord, Sir! you've quite surpris'd me from my nap;
 I always take a snooze about this time;
 It makes me eat—

F E R D I N A N D.

P'ha! nonsense; come divine;
 Give me thy best advice; think'ft thou, indeed,
 That gentle Mira doth my passion heed?

G I P S Y

GIPSY.

Lord bless the man ! why sure he's past his sense,
 How can you think that you can give offence ?
 When I was young, and sure I tell you truth,
 I never could resist a handsome youth ;
 But, in one word I'll tell you how to win
 Man, woman, or child——

FERDINAND.

Well, come begin.

S O N G.

GIPSY.

I.

Full two score years, I've Gipsy been,
 And thrice three times elected Queen,
 Of our tribe, so jovial and free ;
 So much I excel in my trade,
 That all mankind I do persuade,
 That I never use *flattery* !

II.

I tell the miser, round the world,
 The sun shall scarce three times be hurl'd,
 And I tell it so modestly,
 When some wish'd wealth shall be his own,
 Since (will'd) it waits for death alone,
 That he sips in my *flattery* !

D 2

III. I tell

III.

I tell the wretch, who writes for fame,
 In hopes to get a mighty name,
 That a laureat he shall be ;
 Poor soul ! I'm sure he hath no brains,
 For empty praise to take such pains,
 And be feasted with *flattery* !

IV.

I tell the swain, who pines for love,
 That Dælia to his hopes will prove
 Complying, kind and free ;
 His eyes speak the joys of his mind,
 And tho' they say that love is blind,
 Oh ! 'tis only to *flattery* !

V.

Pray take advice, and learn the art,
 Since vanity entwines the heart,
 And likes to be tittl'd d'ye see ;
 No charms, with half such pow'r can lull,
 The fears of those you mean to gull,
 As smooth honey-lip'd *flattery* !

' F E R D I N A N D .

' Oh ! mighty well, good mistress Gipsy, so,
 ' What you've been flatt'ring all this time.

G I P S Y .

' No, no ;'
 To you I've honest been in spite of trade,
 And for your benefit those maxims made,
 That you may win—but see your Mira—

F E R-

HAPPY RECESS.

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FERDINAND.

Where ?

GIPSY.

And not alone.

FERDINAND.

A stranger with the fair !
Inconstant, false, perfidious !—away,
And hide the face I dread to shew the day.

Ferdinand and Gipsy push into the hut.

SCENE IV.

Enter Alphonso and Mira.

ALPHONSO.

Come, let us go, to where no forest hides,
Fair Cynthia's face, who now in æther rides ;
In whose pale beams, they say, the fairies eye,
And catch the dew flow dropping from the sky.

MIRA.

‘ To lovers troubled hearts a tranquil scene.

ALPHONSO.

The FUGITIVE; or,

‘ALPHONSO.

‘Are you in love then?

‘MIRA.

‘Have you never been?

‘ALPHONSO.

‘No.

‘MIRA.

‘No!

‘ALPHONSO.

‘A victim I, to sorrows tear;
 ‘Which by your brother’s friendship pauses here:
 ‘I’ve told him all my story, and I trow,
 ‘By that same anxious look you wish to know.’
 I pray ye list;—I am of goodly birth,
 And from my native shore have hatten’d forth
 In search of a dear brother whom I love,
 Who from fair Gallia’s shore was forc’d to rove:
 A massacre on protestants was made,
 He haply ‘scap’d, while I secreted laid,
 ‘Till, in a vessel bound for Britain’s land,
 I got conceal’d, and by this dress was—man’d.

‘MIRA.

Was man’d!

ALPHONSO.

ALPHONSO.

Yes,—that's a secret unreveal'd !
 To all but you ; from Raymond 'tis conceal'd !
 I am a maid, and in this fair disguise,
 With all my jewels, fought life's dearest prize,
 Blest liberty !—but Providence ordain'd
 That gold should sink ;—thank Heav'n my life remain'd ;
 And tho' I'm shipwreck'd on an unknown isle,
 Fear not propitious stars will deign to smile.

M I R A.

Your name ?

ALPHONSO.

Alphonso now, which Stella was.

M I R A.

I thank the gods, I can befriend your cause ;
 ' Alas ! what hardships must you then have known ?
 ' While silly I, thought none were like my own ;
 ' But come away, and I'll unmask my grief.

' ALPHONSO.

' I'll soothe thy sorrows, if not give relief.'

A I R.

A I R.

ALPHONSO.

Tho' sorrow wring our hearts in twain,
 Just drooping with despair,
 Friendship, which cannot kill the pain,
 May wipe away the tear.

With balmy breath its influence lend,
 And check the fleeting soul;
 By mild suspense our purpose bend,
 And sweet life's bitter bowl.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

Enter Raymond.

Behold they go; a charming youth indeed;
 Oh! may a mutual tenderness succeed:
 My hopes are but to see this sister blest,
 Then sink my fears to an eternal rest,
 For thro' disgust the busy world I've fled,
 Fair Contemplation's pensive form to wed.

A I R.

Sweet Contemplation! heavenly nymph who dwel'st
 Among the woody shades and rocky dells;

Or,

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Or, by the side of the translucent stream,
With Nature's gifts swell'd forth the ample theme.
And rouseth mimic Echo from his dream.

}

The cloud-capt hills and dew-bespangl'd dales,
The expanse wide,
The lucid orb, that cheers the fruitful vales,
And silvers o'er the tide.

Oh ! what delights I owe to thee,
Darling of sensibility ;
Delights ! that dare the tongue to name,
And throb the heart in rapt'rous flame.

But hark ! methought I heard some charming sound,
Soft die—with faint and trembling tone around :
It must be them ; I'll hence and list awhile,
And mark the frown, or the bewitching smile.

Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Moon-light.

*Alphonso and Mira in the back ground on a seat beneath
a tree, in conversation.*

* * *

*Ferdinand passes the front of the stage, views them, and
goes off much agitated.*

E

A L.

ALPHONSO. (*sings*)

A I R.

Oh ! trust not oaths, or sighs, my dear,
 Unstable rays that vanish soon ;
 But selfish proofs of hope and fear,
 Inconstant as the roving moon.

Yon little orb which vapour shrouds,
 On which we gaze with partial sight,
 Beholds our smiles, then, veil'd in clouds,
 Oft frowns, and quickly leaves us quite.

Thus man, with all his artful wiles,
 First gains, then flies our partial smiles.

M I R A.

'Tis very easy, Stella, to reprove.
 How hard, alas ! to take advice in love.
[they arise to come forward.]

Ferdinand, at this instant rushes in, jealous and enraged, with shepherd's crook uplifted, to strike Alphonso down ; Mira runs to prevent him, while Raymond (who had been watching the supposed lovers) steps in on the other side, and catches the fainting Alphonso in his arms.

R A Y M O N D.

Curst, curst Ferdinand ! urge not thy fate.

M I R A.

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M I R A.

Oh! cruel!

R A Y M O N D.

Villain!

M I R A.

Cruel, cruel hate!

Alphonso recovers, and fixes her eyes on Ferdinand—Ferdinand drops his crook :—Alphonso leaves Raymond and flies to Ferdinand's arms.

A L P H O N S O.

Br- -other,

[in broken accents.

M I R A.

Brother!

F E R D I N A N D.

Holds her off, and peruses her face.

It is, it is in truth,
My long lost sister! and my rival youth!

R A Y M O N D.

Sister!

E 2

A L-

ALPHONSO.

Indeed, indeed !

M I R A.

Oh ! what delight,
What joy ! the offspring of this busy night.

Raymond *looks surprised and pleased* ;—Alphonso *goes to him, and Mira to Ferdinand.*

ALPHONSO.

‘ I see’ you wonder, Raymond, ‘ that disguise
‘ Should’——

RAYMOND.

‘ No, no, Alphonso, blest be those eyes,
‘ That first by friendship saw thy bosom’s worth ;
‘ Which partial love, perhaps, might conjure forth,
‘ In spite of truth. But’ oh ! sweet maid thy charms,
Thy birth ! are far above a shepherd’s arms.

ALPHONSO.

Sure to my friend I may most freely say,
E’en gratitude, alone, demands the lay ;
I love ye then ! ! no rank with me bears sway,
My happiness I date from this blest day.
—But now let me intreat ;—my brother see,
And charming Mira’s hope, still rests with thee.

R A Y-

HAPPY RECESS.

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RAYMOND.

O don't entreat, you'll shame me else, I fear ;
Dear sister (*joining their hands*) Brother too ! a truce
with care :

The hours will now so fleetly pass away,
Each year revolving will appear— but May.

FINALE.

RAYMOND.

Now the sprig of friendship twineth
With the fragrant flow'r of love,
And in harmony combineth,
Such delights as bloom above.

MIRA.

Now farewell Love's painful boding,
And dame Fortune's rugged boon ;
Stella,—now we'll dread no roving,
Spite of the inconstant moon.

FERDINAND.

Blest be the guardian star, that sent ye,
Dearest sister, to this spot ;
For riches lost, here reigneth plenty,
Where Content hath fix'd her cot.

A L-

ALPHONSO.

Well, since disguise and care are over,
With the heart that's free from guile;
I'll not disown the name of lover,
Which arose from friendship's smile.

Chorus. Now the sprig, &c:

*Enter Gipsies, telling the Shepherd's fortunes; omnes
form a dance, and curtain drops.*

FINIS.

4 AP 54

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